

The Tragedie

Dut. Thou tode, thou tode, where is thy brother Clarēce?
And litle Ned Plantaget, his sonne?

Qu. Where is kind Hastings, Riuer, Vaughan, Gray?

King. A flourish trumpets, strike alarum drummes,
Let not the heauens heare these tel-tale women
Raile on the Lords annointed. Strike I say. *The trumpets
sounds.*
Either be patient, and intreat me faire,
Or with the clamorous report of warre,
Thus will I drowne your exclamations.

Dut. Art thou my sonne?

King. I, I thanke God, my father and your selfe.

Dut. Ten patiently heare my impatience.

King. Madame I haue a touch of your condon,
Which cannot brooke the accent of reproofe.

Dut. I will be milde and gentle in my speech.

King. And brieft good mother, for I am in haste.

Dut. Art thou so haſtie I haue ſtaid for thee,
God knowes in anguiſh, paine and agonie.

King. And came I not at laſt to comfort you?

Dut. No by the holy roode thou knowſt it well,
Thou canſt on earth, to make the earth my hell:
A greuous burthen was thy birth to me,
Techie and waiward was thy infancie,
Thy ſchoole-daies frightfull, desperate, wilde and furious:
Thy age confirmd, proud, ſubtil, bloudie, trecherous,
What comfortable houre canſt thou name,
That euer gract me in thy companie?

K. Faith none but Humphrey houre, that cald your grace
To breakefaſt once forth of my companie:
If it be ſo gracious in your ſight,
Let me march on, and not offend your grace.

Dut. O heare me ſpeake, for I ſhall neuer ſee thee more.

King. Come, come, you are too bitter.

Dut. Either thou wilt die by Gods iuſt ordinance,
Ere from this warre thou turne a conqueror,
Or I with griefe and extreame age ſhall periſh,
And neuer looke vpon thy face againe:
Therefore take with thee my moſt heauie curſe,

Which

of Richard the third.

Which in the day of battell tire thee more
Then all the compleat armour that thou weaſt,
My praiers on the aduerſe parrie fight,
And there the litle ſoules of Edwards children
Whiſper the ſpirits of thine enemies,
And promiſe them ſucceſſe and victory,
B'oudie thou art, bloody will by thy end,
Shame ſerues thy life, and doth thy death attend. *Exit.*

Qu. Though far more cauſe, yet much leſſe ſpirit to curſe
Abides in me, I ſay Amen to all.

King. Stay Madam, I muſt ſpeake a word with you.

Qu. I haue no more ſonnes of the royall blood,
For thee to murder, for my daughters Richard,
They ſhall be praying Nunnes, not weeping Queenes,
And therefore leuell not to hit their liues.

King. You haue a daughter cald Elizabeth,
Vertuous and faire, royall and gracious.

Qu. And muſt ſhe die for this? O let her liue?
And ſhe corrupt her manners, ſtaine her beautie,
Slander my ſelfe, as falſe to Edwards bed,
Throw ouer her the vale of infamie,
So ſhe may liue vn ſcard from bleeding ſlaughter,
I will confeſſe ſhe was not Edwards daughter.

King. Wrong not her birth, ſhe is of royall blood.

Qu. To ſaue her life, ſhe ſay ſhe is not ſo.

King. Her life is only ſafeſt in her birth.

Qu. And only in that ſafetie died her brothers.

King. Lo at their births good ſtars were oppoſite.

Qu. No to their liues bad friends were contrary.

King. All vnauoyded is the doome of deſteny.

Qu. True, when auoyded grace makes deſteny,
My babes were deſtinde to a fairer death,
If grace had bleſt thee with a fairer life.

Ki. Madam, ſo thrue I in my dangerous attempt of hoſtile
As I intend more good to you and yours, *(armes,*
Then euer you or yours were by me wrongd.

Qu. What good is couerd with the face of heauen,
To be diſcouerd that can do me good.

King. The aduancement of your children mightie Lady.

K

Qu.